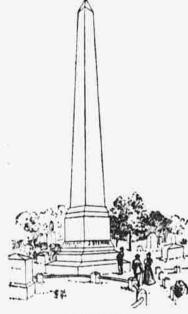
ed in His Hope of Buying a Pyramid, or Thothmes's Oscilen, Mr. Stemme Has a Unique Tombatone Hewn in One Piece from a Vermont Quarry.

RADOM P

This is Mr. John Stemme's name in ancient Egyptian. Having reached the conclusion which various other philosophers had reached which various other pullosophers had reached beforehim that is the midst of life we should prepare for death, Mr. Stemme, retired liquor dealer of this city, decided to have a monument dealer of this city, decided to have a monument such as would make his tomb a marked spot in any cametery. No ordinary design would do for him. Upon the respectable and time-worn broken column he cast the eye of scorn, nor did broken column he cast the eye of scorn, nor did he look mure favorably upon the "rest in peace" or "we mourn our loss" style of thing which has bren found good and sufficient by so many thousand weeping families. As for the angelio guardian scheme, Mr. Stemme vowed with em-phasis that no marble angel should hover on tireless wing over his reating place. He would have something unique or nothing at all.

"The hymn book says that this world is all a fleeting show," he would say: "but when I get out of it I'm going to leave something behind that won't be fleeting, by a long sight. I'll show

Mr. Stemme did show 'em, and his exhibit is now in place in Greenwood Cemetery. It is an exact reproduction of an Egyptian obelish done in granite, and is probably the most unique tomtetone in this country. Mr. Stemme is not under it, and doesn't expect to be for a long time. He is enjoying life in his house at 41 West Eighty-eightn street, and enjoying it all the more for his occasional trips across the ferry to see his mortuary obelisk. From his point of view it is worth looking at, not only as a spectacle, but because it represents the successful outcome of much thought, time, and travel.



THE OBELISK.

When Mr. Stemme first determined to have a costly monument he wanted something quite out of the ordinary. This was five years ago, when he gave up his wholesale liquor business at 13 Bowery, having made so much money and invested it so well that he was then close to the million mark, which he has since passed, He became a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and his wife wandered with him. Nearly all the civilized nations of the world were visited by them, and they enjoyed their sightseeing, too; but uppermost in Mr. Stemme's mind was ever the subject which was expressed by his first question on arriving at any place: "Got any interesting old graveyards around

is what I like best." But nothing that he found in Europe suited his ideas, nor could various sculptors whom he consulted suggest anything that met with his approval, although many unusual and elegant designs were submitted to him. He became known in art circles as a man who was willing to pay liberally for the right thing done in the right way. It began to look as if death would overtake Mr. Stemme before he had found the sing. But the solution was finally found in typt, whither Mr. and Mrs. Stemme went two

here? Something with queer old tombstones

region, whither Mr. and all so with Mr. Stemme, years ago.

Egypt was very popular with Mr. Stemme, in the mright where he lived," as he said. The Sphinx and the monoliths, and the pyramida, and the ancient runs were finer, as he assured his guides, than anything he had seen since he left the Bowery. There was something satisfying about them, the pyramids in particular, they looked so solid. How long had they been there?

there?

Very long: the guide didn't know how long.
One, two, five thousand years, maybe.

Five thousand years? Look here, that don't go here! Don't you think because we're Americans that you can paim off any such lies as that

on us."

With much deprecatory sbrugging of the shoulders the guide suck to his statement, adducing as proof the fact that they had been there when his grandfather was born, and his grandfather was a very old man. The big one was Cheops, and the ancient king was buried in it.

was Cheops, and the ancient king was buried in it.

"Buried in it, hey?" said Mr. Stemme.

"Those old chaps did things up in good style, didn't they? I'd like something of that sort myself, only I suppose I'd have to buy a whole cemetery to put it up in. Say, how much did it cost to build that?"

But here the guide's information gave out, lie coulant's even make a guess at the price. With considerable rejuctance the American gave up the thought of having a pyramid over his grave, and continued his travels. At Kannak, however, he came across a monument that quite drove the pyramid out of his mind, It was an obelisk standing at what was once the entrance to a noble teemile.

quite drove the pyramid out of his mind. It was an obeliek standing at what was once the entrance to a noble temple.

"I've noticed that these obelisks usually grow in pairs. Where's the other one?" Mr. Stemme demanded, with a searching look at his guide. That worthy, with many protestations of innocence, declared that he didn't know where it was, and an English traveller who went about with a book in his hand told Mr. Stemme that the companion monolith had been destroyed in 1788; furthermore, that it had commemorated the deeds and virtues of Thothmes, who died some years before it was erceted, and that since its destruction the remaining stone had to do all the commemorating alone and unaided.

"What are these pictures on it?" asked the American.

"Those are the hieroglyphs relating to the

"Those are the hieroglyphs relating to the record of Thothmes." said the obliging traveller.

"They're very pretty," said Mr. Stemme.

"I'il buy it," for the determination had come to him to have that obelisk on his lot in Greenwood Cemetery.

wood Cemetery.
"Why, God bless my soul, my dear sir," cried
"Why, God bless my soul, my dear sir," cried
"You

Why, God bleas my soul, my dear sir," cried the Englishman, much scandalized. "You can't buy that, you know. It's historical, and all that sort of thing, you know."

As a matter of fact, almost everything in Egypt from a scarab to an exalted official is purchasable, if you have the price. Whon Mr. Stemme heard what the price of a good, ablebedied, obeliek such as Thothmes's little ornament would be he gasped, and when he learned that he would have to buy a ship to take it home in if he bought it he gasped again. With that gasp went his determination to have the obeliek decorate his grave.

gasp went his determination to have the obe-lisk decorate his grave.

"Likely we can make a better one in Amer-ica," he remarked. "We've get Bunker Hill menument, that would make any of your obe-lisks look sick. But I like the Egyptian idea of doing things. Old Thothmes knew his business. I'm going to see if I can't long a statue of him to put opposite the one of Napoleon in my parior. I'il just take a snap shot of his tombstone before I go."

so."
So the photograph of the monolith of Thothmre I. came back to America with Mr. John Stemme, formerly of the Bowery. Subsequently several mortuary artists" saw it and were invited to make one like it. They could build one, they said; but Mr. Stemme didn't want one built, because the original was all one piece. one, the said; but Mr. Shumme didn't want one built, because the original was all one piece. Somebody told him that the only place he could get a whole obelisk was in vermon, where the granite crop was unusually large that year. To Vermont is went, and finally met Mr. Charles E. Tayntor, who has cateraise observes at Barre. At the end of a year a monolith was hear, difficult and the state. It was fifty one feet long and weighed 100,000 pounds. There care, specially built, brought the menstrous stone to Harlem, and it was finity carted to fereenwood temetery and set in position early this week on a granite But heriore if was set up there remained yet giphic increptions on his abelisk; John temeter would have them on his, no matter that the price. The monument had already

cost \$15,000, but its owner was satisfied that he was getting his money's worth. It was diffihe was getting his money's worth. It was difficult, however, to find any one who wrote hieroglyphics readily. Pienty of artists offered to carve elegant designs on the stone at highly reasonable rates, and inscriptions in prose and poetry and verses from the Hible poured in from Mr. Stemmae's admiring friends. But he would have nothing but hieroglyphics. After a long search he found a scholar who agreed to get his name up in proper shape, which he did, or if he didn't, nobody knows the difference. Four-teen letters made up the name, and to an unprejudiced eye they look like several coats of arms mixed up in a hat and eeread out in rows. However, the plain American "J. Stemme" appears on the other side, so it's all right.

The obelisk stands in an advantageous spot for exhibition purposes, on a rise of ground. That it may the more surely attract attention Mr. Stemme will soon have its peak gilded.

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

The announcement made by half a dozen high-grade hotels in this city that they are now erving table d'hôte dinners at prices that range from 75 cents to \$1.50 indicates a very decided change of method. The table d'hôte was considered a few years ago to be the almost exclusive privilege of the restaurants and it was monopolized by the French and Italian restaurateurs, whose prices seldom rose above 50 cents a dinner. These French and Italian table d'hôpes have multiplied amazingly, and apparently they have prospered. The rivalry that has promoted the building of a dozen big hotels within the last five or six years, each in turn costing more money than its predecessors, has made it quite necessary that their dining rooms should seek support from others in addition to the regular hotel guesta. The two or three big estaurants that furnished most of the public finners a few years ago have been forced to divide their profits with the new hotels. Handsome banquet rooms are now as much of a necessity in the up-to-date hotel as are the elevators, and in most of them the ordinary dining rooms are much larger than would be required if the proprietor intended to serve only his regular guests. The result is the table his regular guests. The result is the table d'hôte which any one may patronize. One of the biggest of these new hotels adopted a novel scheme two years ago to emphasize the fact that its table d'hôte at \$1.30 was exceedingly chasp. The waiters were supplied with checks, on one side of which was printed the cost of the table d'hôte and on the other, as the dinner was served, the waiter entered each dish, and opposite it placed the cost of it according to the å la carte scale. When a guest called for his table d'hôte check the waiter would biace it on the table with the å la carte side, up, and the result was usually a panic. The man, would find his soup, fish, entrée, &c., entered on the fable d'hôte. His feeling of rellef when the waiter explained that this bill was simply an object lesson, and that his dinner would cost him only \$1.30, was great enough to cause him to liberally increase his tip. Nearly all of the new hotels now serve table d'hôte dinners, and at a surprisingly low price.

A woman who was a passenger on one of the Union Ferry Company's brats not long ago called a bootblack into the women's cabin and asked him to shine her boots. The boy began his work on a well-fitting shoe that was placed on his box, and just as he had given it the finishing touches an employee of the ferry company ordered him out of the women's cabin. The woman remonstrated, and the ferry hand told her that if she wanted to have her shoes polished she must either stand outside of the women's cabin or take a seat in the cabin reserved for men. She went outside in the wet and had her other shoe polished. When this incident was called to the attention of the Secretary of the company he said that the company's employee had acted properly under the circumstances, as there was a rule prohibiting bootblacks from working in the women's cabin. He said that he had known of several cases where women had gone over to the men's side of the boat to get their shoes polished, but he made no offer to change the rule. Just why this restriction is enforced by the Union Ferry Company is not clear. It is not an unusual sight now to see women sitting on street bootblack stands for the purpose of having their shoes polished. Women who wear russet leather shoes with their bicycling costumes find it a convenience to ratrouize a bootblack for a polish, and on several of the ferryboats they are allowed to call the bootblack into the women's cabin.

The police eay that the once popular old The woman remonstrated, and the ferry hand

The police cay that the once popular old game of fan tan is losing favor with the Chi-nere gamblers here and that they are winning and losing more money now in poker and dice throwing. A fan-tan outfit is more expensive than a poker outfit, and the men who play it make more noise. Chinamen are conservative. and it took them a long time to appreciate the beauties of draw poker and the quickness with which one might win or lose with the with which one might win or lose with the dice. For one fan-tan joint raided by the police now there are a dozen poker and dice joints. The police of the Elizabeth street station raided a poker and dice gambling resort in Pell atreet several nights ago and in the outfit they captured a set of giant dice. They were too large to be thrown from an ordinary dice box and the Chinamen who were arrested were too busy in assuring the police that they were Brooklyn laundrymen to explain their use. It supposed that these his dice were rolled of the hand. New York's Chinese colony out of the hand. New York's Chinese colony has its share of professional gambiers, and two out of the hand. New York's Chinese colony has its share of professional gamblers, and two or three of them are expert poler players. Three years ago a Chinese poker sharp from the Pacific coast was lured to Mott street by the report that its Chinamen were careless gamblers. He brought a bocket well lined with winnings and he told the Mott street gamblers that he had come after their money. A quiet little poker party was arranged for his benefit. The visitor won handily at first, and the Mott street men complimented him on his skill. Some one suggested that the stakes should be raised and the man from the Pacific coast eagerly agreed. When he left the game he was a bankrupt, and his respect for New York poker players was great. Mott street poker is said to be full of mysteries and pitfalls for the uninitiated, and for that reason it is more popular with the professional Chinese gamblers than fan-tan, which is a simple game in itself.

Cornell University is to have a new engine

Cornell University is to have a new engine lathe for its department of mechanics that is, in one respect at least, the most remarkable tool of the kind ever exhibited in New York. It is nickel-plated throughout, including even the screw that causes the cutting tool to travel the screw that causes the cutting tool to travel to and fro, and all the nuts, bolt heads, name plates, and wrenches are heavily plated with gold. Further than this, the little shelves beneath, on which the kid-glove workmen will place their gold-plated wrenches and nickel-plated cutting tools, are all covered with slik plush. When a reporter was passing through Liberty street, where the machine was on exhibition in a sale-groon window, yesterday, the side-walk was half blocked with people who were looking at the novelty.

A beggar, with a keen sense of the value of advertisement, site in front of the Broadway Cable building at Houston street offering for sale a miscellaneous lot of shoestrings and collar buttons. "Injured by the cable car. Used to be a French waiter. Patronize me," is the placard which states his claim to public sympathy, and a further distinction which he will verbally communicate to any passer who stops to talk with him is that his was about the first important accident that took place on the road. There seems to be no ground for doubting his claim of profession, for even when scated on the sidewalk, with his basket and crutch beside him, he looks a typical French waiter, stout faced, dark complexion, and cleanly shaven. Apparently little commerce even of a character compatible with his modest stock seems to come his way, but the manners he learned by come his way, but the manners he learned by force in earlier days help him out in his present occupation just as they would be likely to in any other. The domand for shoestrings and collar buttons may be small and the pincard may excite in passers by a curiosity which ends in a glance at the wounded limb and the near-looking man who is crouched on the navement. But he is always cheerful and smiling, and however indifferent to any financial symmathy the passing crowd may be, the old waitar's face is bright with an ontimism that might have been been from such a hancy conjunction of ci cumstances as formerly blaced him in attendance on a patron who was notoriously in attendance on a patron who was notoriously certain and liberal in the matter of tips.

Further up the street, with a curious mingling of enterprise and lack of professional dignity, a well-known chiropodist advertises himself and his shop. During the hours in which business is slack he puts on a canvas coat, painted all over with signs of his trade, prices, and other particulars. Arrayed in this he steps down to the street and stands in front of his ectab islument, sometimes straying as far as a block away in his effort to call the attention of a larger public to his place of business. After ecough profele have passed up status to work. It may be that his patients were on their way to visit him before they read his signs or the coat is 1st great, the time stery to make his services appear necessary, he follows them, take off the low, mainted ecat, and starts to work. It may be that his patients were on their way to visit him before they read his signs or the coat is 1st great, the time stery to find extending the coat is 1st great, the time services the incoming of his indoor work, and, above all, some wavering mind that is contemplating measures of relief may be determined by the timely vision of the chiropodist's advertiselinent. force in earlier days help him out in his presCHAPEL DESECRATED

VANDALS HACK THE ALTAR AND CHOP UP THE ORGAN.

espicion that It Was Bone by Reediums on Whom Their Religious Training Had Been Wasted, in Response to Criticisms Pastor Cartwright Made on the Pope. There is a long, one-story wooden building at the corner of Knickerbocker avenue and Woodbine street, Williamsburgh, which has been used off and on during the past few years as a mission house. It was originally built as a chapel, a venturesome young minister having resolved to reform this part of the Eastern District of Brooklyn, but a brief experience with the natives knocked the bulk of his energy out of him, and he gave the thing up as a bad job, I'wo other ministers have since taken up the work in the chapel. The first one held on for ome months, but one night somebody got into the chapel and wrecked it from one end to the other. Then the minister gave up. The other preacher is there still, and he says he means to

On last Wednesday night the chapel, which was fixed up at considerable cost after the first visit of the opponents of mission work, was again wrecked, scarcely a thing in the building being left whole. Nothing was stolen, but everything that could be destroyed was either hacked or torn to pieces. The Rev. Dr. T. S. Cartwright of St. Barnabas's Church, in Bushwick avenue, is the minister who has been conducting the chapel in conjunction with his own church. He makes no accusations.

On July 5 he preached a sermon in his church on the Pope's encyclical calling for Church unity. He criticised it severely, and in turn he has been much criticised, as the sermon was published widely.

The minister who conducted the Knickerbocker avenue mission before Dr. Cartwright was the Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington of Christ Episcopal Church on Bedford avenue, Dr. Darlington is one of the most energetic ministers in Brooklyn and is particularly interested in mission work. When he opened the mission he was warned that he would have considerable trouble in bringing the neighborhood around to his way of thinking. Friends told him that the residents were not partial to religion, that the few who did favor it were Catholics, and would consequently have little use for an Episcopal mission, and that be would be fortunate indeed if his meetings were not broken up by hoodlums. But Dr. Darlington didn't propose to give the project up for any such trifling reason. He had the place cleaned and painted, had new pews and chairs in, bought an organ himself, and secured enough prayer and hymn books to go around. He called the mission St. David's chapel, and, although it was slow work, he finally built up a congregation there. St. David's Chapel was prospering steadily when a rumor spread that certain people had declared that the mission was a nuisance and must go. Dr. Darlington heard this, but did nothing until hood-

spread that certain people had declared that the mission was a nuisance and must go. Dr. Darlington heard this, but did nothing until hoodlams tried to break up his meetings by gathering in the chapel and shouting white singing and praying were going on. Then he went to the police, and after that the enemies of the hoodlums were not so much in evidence as they had been. The climax came, however, when Dr. Darlington opened the mission one day and found that everything in it had been dectroyed. That ended St. David's Chapel, and for a long time the place was idle.

Then Dr. Cartwright, who has been carrying on mission work in the outlying districts of his parish, took the chapel. He fitted it up at considerable expense to himself, providing chairs, an altar, Bibles, hymn books, prayer books, and an organ. Dr. Darlington's previous crusade heiped him a great deal, for when he opened tha chapel he found quite a number of people who had attended the chapel before and wanted to come again. The toughs in the neighborhood made a little trouble at first, but Dr. Cartwright made short work of their interference by going to the Hamburg sareet police station and informing the Captain there that he meant to carry on mission work if he had only one person a night to talk to, and that he meant to have proper police pretection. He got what he wanted, and the mission prospered. A Sunday school was organized, with some fifty children to start with; weekly prayer meetings and religious services were held, and a series of Bible readings were fiven. Men, women, and children who had never been in a church before began to flock to the mission. Dr. Cartwright began his work. There used to be "hold-upa" two and three times a week in the neighborhood, while cutting and shooting scrapes were such frequent occurrences as to attract little attention. The only notable crime in the precinct for the past few months was the holding up and robbing of a woman several nights ago. Dr. Cartwright was very proud of the work his mission had done, and

olics. It has been Dr. Cartwright's custom to visit the chapel every day, whether there was any service It has been Dr. Cartwright's custom to visit the chapel every day, whether there was any service or not. On Tuesday night the chapel was open and everything was in good shape when the service was over and the minister locked the place up. All of the windows were locked, as well as the doors, and the place seemed ascure enough. On Thursday afternoon Dr. Cartwright went around to the chapel. Everything seemed all right outside, but as soon as the minister opened the doors he saw that the place had been wrecked from end to end. The vandals had done their work well, and, as far as the minister could see, not a thing had been left whole. Dr. Cartwright took one look around and then hurried to the Hamburg street police station. The police found that the vandals had entered the place by a small rear window, which they had forced without much difficulty. Nothing short of an axe would have made such a complete job of destruction as they found inside the church.

complete job of destruction as they found inside
the church. The visitors had turned the organ upside
down and then hacked it into complete uselessness with some sharp instrument.

The ornaments of the altar were thrown to
the floor and either broken or battered out of
shape, and then the altar was rolled over on the
floor and a few dents put into it. The brass
altar cross was thrown to the floor, but not injured beyond repair. The brass rait, however,
was badly twisted. The leaves were torn out
of Hibbs, prayer books, and hymn books and
thrown on every side. Covers had been ripped
in two and thrown on the floor. Nearly all of
the chairs were broken in one place or another.
The police and Dr. Cartwright personally
madea tour of the neighborhood, but couldn't
flind a soul who had heard the least sound from
the church during the evening. One man, living directly across the street, declared that he
sat in front of his door until nearly midnight
and didn't hear a sound. The police think from
this that the men entered the church during
the early hours of the morning.

Dr. Cartwright said yesterday that the matter was a great myslery to him.

"I have nover made any enemies in that
district," he said, "and I have made many
triends there. I do not understand why anybody should want to destroy the chapel. It is
perfectly obvious that the idea of whosver did
it was to break up the work of the mission.
But what inspired anybody to such a deed is
more than I can understand. To my mind the
wreck presents evidence of more than ordinary
mischief. It was malignity of the worst
kind, but if those who did it think that
they can drive me away from here
and stoy can drive me away from here
and from the work I have resolved to
do by such tactics they are mietaken. I shall
not let this dastardly deed interfere with me in
the least. I shall persevere with the mission
because it is needed in this locality; needed far
more than missions to China or Africa. I can
the least. I shall persevere with the mission
because it is need The visitors had furned the organ upside

THE OCEAN PARKWAY.

The Park Commissioner Can Bo Nothing

to Improve its Condition. A committee of the Parkway Driving Club yesterday called upon Park Commissioner Timothy L. Woodruff of Brooklyn. They called his attention to the wretched condition of the Ocean Parkway, and urged him to do something to render it safe for riders and drivers. Mr to render it saie for raters and drivers. Alt. Woodruff said that he was thoroughly conversant with the condition of the roadway.

"I have driven down." he said. "with a four-in-hand, a spike team, and a pair of fast horses, and also with a single horse, and with four different kinds of vehicles, and can pick out a great many holes, but they are so numerous I could not locate all of them. I realize as much as any man in the city that it is not in a satisfactory condition." factory condition."

He there explained that he could not be held responsible, as the Beard of Estimate had not made a sufficient appropriation for the work this year. He saw no way in which the money could be raised before next January.

Brief Reviews of Important and Interest-ing New Publications. "Adventures in Criticism," by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Charles Scribner's Sons), is made up of short essays originally contributed to the Speaker, and touching upon writers and books Speaker, and touching upon writers and books from Chaucer and "Robinson Crusoe" to "Esther Waters" and Mr. Anthony Hope. The essayist thinks very well of Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters," rating it, ap-parently, rather above Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Esther's story seems to him to be informed with a saner philosephy of life than does the story of Tees. We wonder what is a same philosophy of life. How is it expressed in this story of unin-terupted melancholy? Does a kitchen maid never smile? Is it the unavoidable curse of every kitchen maid to have a stepfather who is to be wood from the expression of the grossest brutality only by gifts of beefsteak and porter? If the indiscretions of humanity are without glamor and devoid of joy, why should a serious and unimaginative titchen maid ever be at the trouble to be guilty of them? Is a publican who marries a kitchen maid in duty bound to have consumption and to lose on the horse races? Did the pretty and cheerful menial who cast a favorable eye upon Mr. Samuel Weller in "The Pickwick Papers" express a philosophy of life that was not sane? Is it insane philosophy to rejoice in a healthy appetite, or to laugh, or to indicate the possession of a sense of humor? Even in "Tess." which comes to be, certainly, a rather cheerless history, there is, as we remember, some preliminary delight. The dalry farm was a rather agreeable place-at least up to that time when several of the female inmates took to standing surreptitiously in their nightgown at the moonlit windows, and shivering with amorous chills and fever at the sight of the hero pacing somewhat too thoughtfully and enchantingly amid the tall hollyhocks in the garden. We have always thought that this would have been a royally good story if only Mr. Hardy had married Tess indead of hanging her. Concerning the degrees of sanity in the philosophy of life exhibited respectively by Tess and by Esther Waters, Mr. Quiller-Couch says: "To reconcile us to the black flag above Winten cester prison as to the appointed end of Tess's career, a curse at least as deep as that of Pelope should have been laid on the D'Urberville family. Tess's curse does not lie by nature on all women, nor on all Dorset women, nor on all Dorset women who have illegitimate childen, for very few even of these are hanged. We feel that we are not concerned with a type, but with an individual case deliberately chosen by the author. With Esther Waters, on the other hand, we feel that we are assisting in the com-bat of a human life against its natural destiny." But, as we have intimated, that is a distinction which is not quite evident to us. It seems to us as though there were no more of unassisted destiny in the case of Esther Waters than in that of Tess, and we are sure, at least, that it was more generous to hang Tess than it was to leave the kitchenmaid alive at the end of the story. The essay-ist regards Mr. Hall Caine rather seriously, reminding us of the manner in which Mr. Hall Caine regards himself. He does not like the hypnotism in "Trilby," but appears to like the rest of that famous story. He calls Mr. Anthony Hope's "God in the Car" sprightly and entertaining—which may be irony, though we fear not. That he should like Mr. Stockton's romance, "The Adventures of Captain Horn." does not surprise us; we do not see how any one could help liking it. A great old fellow is Gabord, in Mr. Gilbert

Gabord reminds us very much of the wolf that desired to make a supper of Little Red Riding Hood. If Red Riding Hood had ever encous tered Gabord we are sure she would have said o him, "What great big eyes you have," and What a great rough voice you have," just as the history declares she really did say to the wolf. On page 43 we find tisbord saying: "This brandy will fetch him to his intellects. And byand-by crack'll go his spine-aho!" Gabord was speaking of Capt. Robert Moray of the Virginia Regiment, and afterward of Amherst's Regiment, who had just spitted his sweetheart's brother in a spectacular duel in the courtyard of the Intendant's Palace. The gallant Captain had received a scratch himself, and had fainted. and was just coming to. He heard Gabord, and knew that his words signified that he (the Captain) would live hanged. But the sound of Gabord was worse, in the Captain's impression, than the significance of what he said. have heard," the Captain records, "a lion growling on a bone. That is how Gabord's roice sounded to me then - a brutal rawness. Approach deficient in imagination, who desires to know just how it seemed to hear Gabord talk, needs only to go to the menageric in Central Park at the hour when the horse meat is brought in. As for the eye of Gabord, it seems to have been a sort of a Fourth of July evidence. On page 250 it is recorded of Gabord that "he puffed out his cheeks and his great eyes rolled like fire wheels." This singular and terrifying demonstration was called forth by the circumstance that Capt. Moray and his French sweetheart had just been married by Mr. Wainfleet, the English chaplain. pretty scene!" Gabord had said, when the cere-mony was concluded; "but, by God, no marriage in it." "A marriage that will stand at Judgment Day," the Captain observed, "But not in France or here," said Gabord. "'Tis mating wild, with end of doom." This aroused the Rev. Mr. Wainfleet. "It is a marriage our great Archbishop at Lambeth Palace will uphold against a hundred Popes and kings," he declared. "You are no priest, but holy ped-dier!" retorted Gabord. "This is not mating as Christians, and fires of hell shall burn-aho! I will see you all go down, and hand of mine shall not be lifted for you!" And with that he puffed out his cheeks and his eyes took on the remarkable appearance that has been described. We think we should hardly care to have heard Gabord say "abo!" in the tone of a lion engaged upon a bone and with an eye behaving like a pinwheel. While Gabord has seemed to us the most interesting as well as the most terrifying character in Mr. Parker's story, there are still plenty of others divide with him the attention and the approval of the reader. In the crowded and powerful incident and in the scrupulous insistence upon the archaic quality the tale reminds us of Mr. A. C. Gunter, though it is ou opinion that nobody oan quite equal Mr. Gunter in these particulars. When Mr. Parker speaks of "a lonely, mysterious Brocken, impossible to human tenantry," he does not mean to intimate, of course, that the real Brocken is unten

the witches and the cloud spectre is sur mounted by an excellent gasthaus where one may have scrambled eggs and mulled wine, or beer if one chooses.
"Out of Town," with illustrations by Rosina Emmet Sherwood (Harper & Brothers), is a light and amusing story and picture gallery of suburban people. Anybody who will regard the picture of "Miller, a conventional suburban," opposite page 92, will hardly fall to be convinced that there is fun in this production Then there is the picture of Uncle Chad at the telephone, and the picture illustrating the "Nightingale Song." and the picture of Mrs. Miller and the children, and the picture of Mrs Miller and Mrs. Marsh out sailing and in the conversation-these will be sure to delight any beholder, and there are forty pictures besides, including several of the very handsome hero and the exceedingly pretty heroine, all of which will be found to be delightful in an equal degree. The text is in keeping with the illustrations. Anybody of any suburban experience will recognize the truth of it and acknowledge its sprightly and amusing quality. The book is dieverly done. It will excite the good nature and add to the happiness of anybody who takes it in hand. We think we shall remember all the characters they are a delightful company; but we are uney are a delightful company; but we are sure we shall remember Miller.

anted, for he could hardly fail to remember, it

he has ever been there, that the mountain of

For prickly heat, insect bites, chafing sumburns, &c., nothing is so beneficial as Fond's Extract, diluted with a little water, insist on having the genuine.—Adv.

EX-GOV. BUSSELL'S DEATH.

The Body Being Brought Home-Arrange

DALHOUSIE, N. B., July 17,-The body of ex-Gov. William E. Russell of Massachusetts, who died suddenly at Little Pabos yesterday, arrived here on the steamer Admiral to-day from that and sympathy. Flags on the public and many private buildings were at half mast, and many of the leading citizens of this place were at the wharf on the arrival of the steamer.

The body was in charge of Col. Russell, the brother of the Governor, and Col. Peabody. A special train for St. John was ready and the remains were at once transferred to it. They will go from St. John to Boston on a fast train to-morrow.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE,

MINIATURE ALMANAC—THIS DAT, Sun rises... 4 45 | Sun sets ... 7 20 | Moon sets... 11 39 HIGH WATER—THIS DAT, Sandy Hook. 1 08 | Gov. Island. 1 21 | Hell Gate ... 8 13 Arrived-FRIDAY, July 17.

8s St. Paul Jamison, Scuthampton,
Ss Britannic, Hardock, Queenstown,
Ss Britannic, Hardock, Queenstown,
Ss Furst Hismarck, Alberts, Cherbourg,
Ss Deutschiand, Schierhorst, Hamburg,
Ss Christine, Larsen, Shields,
Ss Welman, Steepeken, Bramen,
Ss Hmon Dumois, Kanliz, Gibara,
Ss Philadelphis, Chambers, La Guayra,
Ss Taliahassee, Atkins, Savannah,
Ss Jameslown, Bulphers, Norfolk,
Sa Cottage City, Bennett, Portland,
Bark Nelle Brett, Lowry, Aukland, M. S.
Bark Antwinette, Shiafilmo, Cagilaro,

Uror later arrivals see First Page. [For later arrivals see First Page.]

ARRIVED OUT

Sa Piqua, from New York for Havre, passed the Islands.

drilliant, from Rotterdam for New York, passed of Wight.

Bobeints, from Hamburg for New York, off Dover.

SAILED FROM FOREIGN PORTS. let's, from Copenhagen for New York, nergle, from Shields for New York, logarth, from St. Lucia for New York, auric, from Liverpool for New York,

SAILED FROM DOMESTIC PORTS. 5s Fl Monte, from New Orleans for New York. 5s Iroquois, from Charleston for New York.

OUTGOING STEAMSHIPS. Campania, Liverpool. 7.00 A. M.
La Normandie, Havre 8.00 A. M.
Purneasia, Giasgow 10.00 A. M.
Purneasia, Giasgow 10.00 A. M.
Pasand, Christiansand. 11.00 A. M.
Pasasiam, Rotterdam 11.00 A. M.
Persia, Gianthurg 11.00 A. M.
Persia, Gianthurg 10.00 A. M.
Persia, Harana 10.30 A. M.
Persia, Harana 10.30 A. M.
New York, Si. Domingo, 11.00 P. M.
Tallahlassee, Savannan
El Norte New Orleana
Nucces, Galvestion Vessel Satta. 10:00 A. M. Nueces, Galveston Knickerb'ker, New Orleans Satt Monday, July 20, 12:00 M. 3:00 P. M. Sail Tuesday, July 21.

..... 7:00 A. M. INCOMING STEAMSHIPS. Due To-day. Lansas City Due Sunday, July 19. Genoa Gibraltar Bremen Due Monday, July 20. Liverpool... Olasgow.... Rotterdam Parker's story, "The Scats of the Mighty; & Romance of Old Quebec" (D. Appleton & Co.). Luc Tuesday, July 21.

Antwerp Glasgow . St. Lucia . I'me Wednesday, July 24. Bremen Due Thursday, July 23.

DAVIDSON.-On Thursday, July 16, 1896, Edgar Davidson, son of the late John E. Davidson, aged 67 years. Funeral services at his late residence, 579 Park av. on Saturday, July 18, at 1 o'clock P. M. DE FOREST, -At Summit, N. J., William H. De Porest, in the 60th year of his age. Puneral services at Calvary Church, Summit, on

DIED.

arrival of 12 o'clock train from New York, Satur-DONOGHUE. -At her residence, 5t. Mary's street. By Logan G. McPHERSON. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00. onkers, on Wednesday, July 15, 1896, Mary

of Hugh Donoghue.
Funeral from the Church of the Immaculate Con ception on Saturday morning, July 18, at 10

ENNIS, -Thomas Ennis, on Friday, July 17, at his residence, 303 West 22d st. Notice of funeral bereafter

JEANNOT .- Suddenly, on Wednesday, July 15, Paul A. Jeannot. Relatives and friends, also active and veteran mem bers of Company A. Seventh Regiment, N. C. N. V. are invited to attend the funeral services at his late residence, 180 West 95th st., on Saturday afternoon at 2 o clock. Interment at Woodlaws at convenience of family. Kindly omit flowers. A., 7rn Reo, N. G. N. Y .- With deep sorrow th commanding officer announces the sudden death of Quartermaster Sergeant Paul A. Jeannot Members and ex-members are requested to attend the funeral at his late residence, 130 West 95th st., on Saturday, July 18, at 2 P. M.

Veterans of the Seventh Regiment are requested to attend the funeral services of Paul A. Jeannot, First Company, at 130 West 95th at., on Saturday, July 18, 1896, at 2 o'clock P. M. L. O. WOODROUSE, Colonel.

ELLY .-On Friday, July 17, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Yonkers, the Rev. Hugh J. Kelly. Funeral from St. Stephen's Church, East 28th st., or Monday, July 20, Office at 10 o'clock; mass a 10:30. Interment in Calvary Cemetery.

EWIN -At Germantown, Philadelphia, on Tue day, July 15, Waiter O. Lewis, in the 82d year of

Funeral service at the First Presbyterian Church, Henry st., near Clark st., Brooklyn, Saturday, 18th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

MOERAN.—At Gortmore, Southampton, I.-I., on July 16, 1896, Elizabeth S. Moeran, beloved wife of Edward H. Moeran, Puneral services at St. Andrew's Dune Church, Southampton, on Sunday, July 18, at 3 o'clock P. M. MILFORD,—At Manhattan Beach, on July 16, Samuel Potter Mulford, in the 85th year of his age. Funeral from his father's residence, 403 East 5th st.

Plainfield, N. J., on Saturday, July 18, at S P. M. COMPSON,-At 617 Hamilton st., Bavenswood, L. on Thursday, July 16, Mrs. Mary C. Tompson daughter of Mary and Robert Anderson,
 Puneral services Sunday at 4 P. M. Interment principles

WOODS,—Ann, beloved wife of Hernard and mother of the Rev. John T. Woods, at her resi-dence, 45 Lenox road, Fistbush. Funeral from her late residence on Saturday morn ing. July 18, at 9:80, thence to Holy Cross Church. Flatbush, where a solemn requiem mass will be

offered for the repose of her soul. Relatives and

THE KENSICO CEMETERY, located on the Harims Radirond, forty-eight minutes ride from the Grand Sentral Depot. Office, 16 East 42d st.

Acligious Hotices.

friends are invited. Kindly omit flowers.

A 1.1 are accorded a cordial invitation to services at Central Metropolitan Templé, 7th av. and 14th, Beats free. Services every night, bunday, 11 a. M., Juvenila choir, W. Alexander, preacher; S.P. M., openair services; 3 30, pleasant hour musical service, Judice Singers; 7:30, vespers; S. sermon, Rev. Mr. tadman, honday, S.P. M., countil night, discussion, "The Children of Our City." J. Lewis Hartsock. Saturday, Temple concert. one of the coolest suditorium in the city. Right service, brief taix, excellent music. A cordial welcome for the people. A T SOUTH CHURCH, MADISON AV AND SETH ST Will preach.

CHURCH OF THE PEOPLE. Five Points Missio Dr. Sanford, pastor, 10:50, 7-30; Sunday schools: 3:30; illustrated antern taik at night. All welcome. PIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, corner Sunday, July 19, at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. (108PEL TENT, corner 186th at and Lenox av. 1 Sanday alight 8.00, subject: "The Fastern Question as iterated to the Coming of Christ", speaker, 9 O. Farmaworth; meeting every night, Saturday excepted.

orphed.

ST. HARTHOLOMEW'S PARISH HOUSE, 206-9 East
5 43d st. Sunday services: Prayer and sermon as
5 P. M. Dr. McGrew will officiate. Scats free.

Bew Zublications.

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olack of imagination. Shows a skilful and
lide acquaintance with scientific facts."—New York
eraid.

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72 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. MARRIAGE AMID KISSES.

Fond Bride Exhibarates the Onlookers at a City Hall Wedding.

Fraulein Philia Wolff, the prima donna of the Conreid-Ferenczy Opera Company, was married to Martin Siegmann, the baritone of the company, at the City Hall yesterday by Acting Mayor Jeroloman. The ceremony developed into a kissing bee that tickled the City Hall attaches. First the bride, with the ceremony only half completed, laid her lips against the bridegroom's cheek. The crowd applauded. The pridegroom a few minutes later returned her affectionate attention in kind. The rowd applauded again.

As the ceremony progressed the green gave the bride the ring, and as she gave him one in return she kissed his hand as she placed the

return she kissed his hand as she placed the circlet on his tinger. When Mr. Jeroloman had pronounced the young people man and wife, they fell into each other's arms and continued their lips in close juxtanosition for thirty seconds, while the enthusiastic crowd shouted its approbation.

Finally the bride turned to Mr. Jeroloman, and, although he was ungallant enough to orseted to be engaged in a different direction, the young woman's lips sought his, and she gave him an orbicular carees that sent the blood lingling through the onlookers' velus, and caused them to give a hurrah of delight.

The men folk in the party then fell upon each other's necks and kiesed each other extravagantly. The wisnesses to the ceremony such got a share of the osculation and all departed happy.

Mrs. Siegmann is 21 years old. She is the daughter of a Vienness banker. Her husham, who is 34 years old, is the son of a linen manufacturer of Berlin. Both say that they took to the stage because of their love of music and sons.

Brooklyn's New Food Inspector. Health Commissioner Emery of Brooklyn has appointed B. H. Pendry food inspector at a salary of \$1,000 a year.

The Chap-Book

WHAT IT STANDS FOR

The cleverness of this periodical has always amply justified its existence, but the careless reader who has never taken it seriously will be surprised to fin t on turning over the leaves of this volume how very much more than merely clever it is. It contains examples of some of the strongest work that is now being done \$ in letters. It represents the best tendencies of the younger writers of the day, and, seen in bulk, even its freaks and eccentricities are shown to be representative of their sort, and are present in it because they are representative, and not because they are freakish.

Among the good things it contains, which are of the sort to which one returns again and again with deepening satisfaction, may be mentioned "One Word More," being Hamilton W. Mabie's exceptionally sane and interesting remarks on literary revolts; "The Way It Came," by Henry James; "The Ballad of a Workman," one of John Davidson's noblest poems, and "The Red Room, by H. G. Wells, which is the only logical ghost story ever written .- St. Paul Globe.

The Chap-Book

\$2.00 a Year. Price, 10c.

PUBLISHED BY Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

REFORM ON CONEY ISLAND. A

to come more med

Police Inspector Cluyton Assigned to Abate
Abuses in the Bowery. Police Commissioner Welles of Brooklyn has

put Inspector Clayton in charge of the Gravesend precincts, and transferred Inspector Murphy to the Eastern District territory. The changes, it is believed, resulted from a personal tour of Coney Island made by Commissioner Welles on Thursday night. He found that much demorals zation prevalled in the Howery and that there was a demand for more vigorous police administration. Inspector Chyton was in command of the Consy Island precinct before his recent promotion, and is believed to be more familiar with the territory than inspector Murphy. After his promotion some of the hotel keepers on the Island presented him with a diamond-studded gold shield. It is understood that he will at once inaugurate some sweeping-reforms at the beach.